TRIBECA
Episode #100
Pilot

CAST LIST

ANGIE TRIBECA

CHET ATKINS
DR. MONICA SCHOLLS
DR. EDELWEISS
OFFICER DJ TANNER
TRIBECA’S MOTHER
TRIBECA’S FATHER
K9 DAVID HOFFMAN

JAY GEILS
MAYOR JOE PERRY
LUYE
MRS. PERRY
MONIQUE VIVARQUAR
PROFESSOR EVERETT LAMEREAU

OLD LADY
PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN
TEACHING ASSISTANT
VARIOUS CONTRACTOR
PLUMBER
COP
SET/LOCATION LIST

INTERIORS:

TRIBECA’S APARTMENT
- BEDROOM
- KITCHEN
- BATHROOM
- BUILDING HALLWAY

PRECINCT HOUSE
- LIEUTENANT CHET ATKINS OFFICE
- POLICE GYM BOXING RING
- POLICE LOCKER ROOM

TRIBECA’S CARS
- FORD FLEX
- FORD ESCAPE
- FORD EXPLORER
- FORD FOCUS HYBRID
- FORD ECONOLINE VAN

MAYOR’S OFFICE

MAYOR PERRY’S RESIDENCE

MONIQUE VIVARQUAR APARTMENT

FORENSIC LAB

VERDUGO VALLEY COLLEGE
- ART CLASSROOM
- LAMEREAU’S OFFICE

EXTERIORS:

PUBLIC PARK

LOS ANGELES STREET

CITY HALL

UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD

TRIBECA’S CARS
- FORD FLEX
- FORD ESCAPE
- FORD EXPLORER
- FORD FOCUS HYBRID
- FORD ECONOLINE VAN

FORENSIC LAB

VERDUGO VALLEY COLLEGE
- PARKING LOT
- QUAD

CEMETERY
PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

Angie Tribeca = Try-bek-a
Dr. Monica Scholls = Showls
Dr. Edelweiss = Aydol-weiz
Jay Geils = Guy-als
Luge = Looja
Monique Vivarquar = Veevar-kwa
Everett Lamereau = Lama-row
Gyro = Geero
Mahjong = Mah-zjhon
OPEN ON:

THE SOUND OF A CHEAP DIGITAL ALARM CLOCK.

ANGLE ON: CLOCK. IT’S 4:45 AM.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - MORNING

Wide shot of a sparse, undecorated apartment.

INT. TRIBECA’S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

After a moment, a hand reaches from under the covers and shuts off the alarm.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

The sounds of pounding. Relentless, methodical. Close on bare feet running on a treadmill. Side view of legs running furiously.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

From behind, the form of a WOMAN, suspended by gravity boots, doing inverted sit-ups.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

More pounding. A well-used punching bag. Hands (clearly those of a large MAN) pound the bag.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

A knife flashes past, and strikes a human silhouette target. Several knives, ninja throwing stars and bullet holes are clustered at the target’s head and genitals.

INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

Several balloons tied to strings hang in a row. A foot reaches up and systematically pops each balloon with a swift kick.
INT. TRIBECA’S APARTMENT - SHORT TIME LATER

A row of pumpkins placed neatly atop a high shelf. A flurry of leg kicks and arm swipes destroy them.

INT. TRIBECA’S KITCHEN - SHORT TIME LATER

A hand grabs a box of Rice Krispies and then reaches into the fridge for a carton of milk.

Once the cereal and milk is in bowl, it is kicked into the air, and then smashed with a forearm flash.

Fists pound the refrigerator door, leaving large scarring dents.

INT. TRIBECA’S BATHROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Quick cuts of the woman showering and dressing. She does pull-ups on the shower rod. She swings wet towels like nunchucks, smashing various parts of the bathroom. A fogged up mirror is wiped clean. The woman’s face is clearly seen for the first time. She is pretty, serious and tough.

She plucks a hair from her nose, (the only time she expresses any sign of pain) and then smashes the mirror with her fist.

INT. TRIBECA’S BEDROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

She dresses, and slings on her shoulder holster. Her badge flashes. She is an LAPD detective.

She straps on a leg holster. She then straps a large bowie knife to her thigh. She slides a compound bow down the back of her pants.

She exits her apartment.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A long line of CARPENTERS, ELECTRICIANS, FURNITURE DELIVERY MEN, PAINTERS etc, flow into Angie’s Apartment.

VARIOUS CONTRACTOR
Hi Angie!...Have a nice day!

PLUMBER
You go get ‘em Angie Tribeca!
Full screen chyron: “TRIBECA”. Accompanied by sound of blaring siren, and then a jail cell door slamming.

END OF OPENING

ACT ONE

EXT. PUBLIC PARK – MORNING

A crowd has gathered. Yellow Police tape cordons off a section of the park.

Tribeca arrives in her FORD FOCUS HYBRID. (Angie, and all other characters will drive several different FORD products in the course of an episode.)

Tribeca walks toward the crime scene where she finds:

Medical examiner, DR. MONICA SCHOLLS, 30s – glasses, brainy, quirky.

TRIBECA
What have we got?

Dr. Scholls hands her some Vick’s Vap-o-Rub.

DR. SCHOLLS
Here, you’re gonna need this.

Angie and Scholls walk to a body nearby.

DR. SCHOLLS (CONT’D)
Old lady. Looks to be in her late nineties, early hundreds. Found her lying here next to a bag of groceries.

TRIBECA
What happened?

DR. SCHOLLS
She was either shot to death, or smothered with a pillow. Won’t know for sure until we get her back to the lab and cut her open.

The Old Lady is revealed to be very much alive.

OLD LADY
Hello. Could someone help me up?

The cops continue to believe that she is dead.
A ROOKIE COP arrives at the scene. He sees the Old Lady and begins to throw up.

OLD LADY (CONT’D)
Is that man all right?

The Old Lady is covered with a sheet, and wheeled past the Rookie Cop, who continues to throw up.

TRIBECA
(To Rookie Cop)
You’ll get used to it...

Tribeca puts on sunglasses.

TRIBECA (CONT’D)
Unfortunately.

A high pitched scream of The Who’s “Won’t Get Fooled Again” is revealed to be just another cop screaming at the old woman’s “corpse”.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LATER

Officer DJ TANNER 30’s approaches Tribeca’s desk. He is accompanied by his K9 partner, DAVID HOFFMAN 5 - German Shepard.

TRIBECA
Tanner, Hoffman...

TANNER
Tribeca...

HOFFMAN
(Barks)

TANNER
Lieutenant wants to see you.

TRIBECA
What’s this about?

TANNER
I don’t know, but he didn’t look happy.
TRIBECA
He never looks happy.

TANNER
(Big smile)
You got that right...

Tribeca smiles.

CLOSE ON: HOFFMAN WITH HUGE HUMAN TEETH SMILE.

INT. LIEUTENANT CHET ATKINS OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

CHET ATKINS, 50s – No-nonsense man in charge, sits behind his desk.

Tribeca enters.

TRIBECA
You wanted to see me lieutenant?

ATKINS
Tribeca, I’d like you to meet you new partner, Jay Geils.

JAY GEILS, 30s, handsome, soulful.

Tribeca and Geils are immediately, insanely attracted to one another.

TRIBECA
With all due respect Lieutenant, this is stupid. I don’t want a partner, don’t need a partner.

ATKINS
All due respect Tribeca, but you’ve got you head up your ass. You’re getting a partner.

GEILS
All due respect ma’am, Lieutenant, but she seems like a complete A-hole, and your breath smells like a baby’s diaper.

ATKINS
Listen. You two are partners. So you better get used to it. Tribeca, this is Jay Geils. Geils, Tribeca.
GEILS
Charmed.

TRIBECA
Don’t count on it. Lieutenant, you know that partners don’t work out well for me.

ATKINS
Well maybe two-thirty-seven is the charm.

Tribeca backs down.

ATKINS (CONT’D)
I’ve got a case for you two. The Mayor is being blackmailed. Get down to City Hall. He’s expecting you yesterday.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

CUT TO:

17 INT. TRIBECA’S FORD FLEX - SAME

Geils rides shotgun.

TRIBECA
Something you should know. I don’t like partners, and I especially don’t like partners who try to get personal. I don’t want to know about your screwed up childhood, your history of depression, or even you dog’s name, got it?

GEILS
Got it.

CUT TO:

18 EXT. CITY HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The Ford Flex pulls up. Tribeca and Geils get out.
TRIBECA
(Mid conversation)
...And then they “forgot” to tell me that the antibiotics might give me a yeast infection. THAT was pleasant.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 INT. MAYOR’S OFFICE - LATER

MAYOR JOE PERRY, a mild mannered, good natured, man of the people.

MAYOR PERRY
Someone has photos.

TRIBECA
What kind of photos?

MAYOR PERRY
Compromising photos.

GEILS
Did you hump a dolphin?

MAYOR PERRY
No, no, no. Look...

With that, the Mayor pulls open his shirt to reveal many, many large and inappropriate tattoos. Including, but not limited to:

‘Separate but equal’, a bathroom stall with the words ‘Susan B. Anthony is a Whore’ and ‘Mustache Rides 50 Cents.’

MAYOR PERRY (CONT’D)
I was young. And stupid. Someone took photos. They say that they’ll ruin my career if I don’t pay them four thousand dollars. I don’t have that kind of money.

TRIBECA
Who could have taken these pictures?

MAYOR PERRY
The only people I can think of would be my wife and my mistress.

(MORE)
MAYOR PERRY (CONT'D)
They’re the only people who have seen me without a shirt.

GEILS
That’s it?

MAYOR PERRY
And every Wednesday I pose nude for a drawing class at Verdugo Valley College.

TRIBECA
Let’s start with the wife.

CUT TO:

20
EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Tribeca and Geils emerge from Tribeca’s FORD FOCUS.

TRIBECA
... so I said, “Nobody gets syphilis anymore. Are you serious?”

They knock on the door.

A shirtless male housekeeper, LUGE, vaguely Scandinavian, answers the door.

LUGE
May I help you?

TRIBECA
Is Mrs. Perry home?

LUGE
May I ask you to state you business?

GEILS
Listen chump. I’ve had just about enough of your lip...

Geils slaps Luge in the face.

LUGE
That was completely unexpected.

Luge slaps Geils.

GEILS
OK, that does it.
Geils tears off his shirt and attacks Luge. They roll around on the front yard. Arms and legs flailing. It is somehow not as violent as it should be. There is mostly hair pulling, grabbing and hugging. A little biting. Lots of sweaty upper torso.

The mayor’s wife, MRS. PERRY comes door. She is a picture perfect political spouse.

TRIBECA
Mrs. Perry?

MRS. PERRY
Yes?

TRIBECA
Tribeca, LAPD. May I have a moment of your time?

MRS. PERRY
Of course, please come in.

They enter, and leave the two men writhing in the front yard.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MAYOR PERRY’S RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

MRS. PERRY
My husband is a complicated man detective. Those tattoos might be a part of who he used to be, but they aren’t who he is now. Oh, excuse my rudeness... May I offer you some tea?

TRIBECA
No, thank you ma'am.

MRS. PERRY
Cream-filled donut?

TRIBECA
No, thank you.

MRS. PERRY
Baby back ribs?

TRIBECA
A little early in the morning for me, ma'am.
MRS. PERRY
Well, they’re here if you want them. Who could be trying to extort money from my husband?

Through the window, Luge and Geils continue to tussle.

TRIBECA
What about you?

Mrs. Perry is eating a rib. She has sauce all over her face.

MRS. PERRY
Me? Oh, don’t be silly. I have access to all of my husband’s accounts. Why would I try to blackmail him?

TRIBECA
Do you love your husband Mrs. Perry?

MRS. PERRY
I most certainly do not! How dare you accuse me of loving my husband?

Then-

MRS. PERRY (CONT’D)
Gyro?

Mrs. Perry hands Tribeca a plate of Gyros.

TRIBECA
Here’s what I don’t understand.

Tribeca takes a bite, most of the Gyro meat and toppings fall onto her lap and onto the floor.

MRS. PERRY
What’s that?

Mrs. Perry is now eating a large cotton candy.

TRIBECA
If you can’t stand this man, why do you stay married to him?

MRS. PERRY
We have an arrangement. I let him have his playthings... and he lets me have mine.
She looks out the window in the direction of Luge, who is still fighting Geils.

TRIBECA
He gets a mistress and you get Luge?

MRS. PERRY
Wait, what? No! My play things.

She motions to the yard, which is filled with toys. A Barbie jeep, a Big Wheel, a swing set, etc.

MRS. PERRY (CONT’D)
He has a mistress? You have got to be shitting me.

TRIBECA
I shit you not ma'am. Sorry to take so much of your time.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIBECA’S FORD EXPLORER - MOMENTS LATER

TRIBECA
Well that went nowhere fast. Let’s see what we can get out of the mistress.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: GEILS AND LUGE STILL WRESTLING IN THE BACK SEAT.

CUT TO:

INT. MONIQUE’S APARTMENT - LATER

Tribeca and Geils sit with the Mayor’s mistress MONIQUE VIVARQUAR 30’s/40’s.

MONIQUE
Oh, I know the Mayor, oh yes. Intimately.

A wry smile crosses her face.

TRIBECA
When was the last time you saw him?

MONIQUE
Who?
TRIBECA
The Mayor.

MONIQUE
Never met him.

She takes a long drag out of an extra long electronic cigarette. She blows the smoke (mist) in Tribeca’s face and laughs.

TRIBECA
Someone is trying to take advantage of some of his... physical attributes.

MONIQUE
I took advantage of his physical attributes. Many times.

She laughs.

MONIQUE (CONT’D)
If you know what I mean?

She winks at Geils.

TRIBECA
Apparently, there were photos taken of his body art. Photos that could destroy him.

MONIQUE
I already destroyed him. With having sex with him. If you catch my drift? I did it with him, and he did it with me, if you understand my meaning.

She laughs and takes another e-cigarette drag.

GEILS
(Sternly)
That looks cool. And it smells wonderful.

TRIBECA
We’re looking into everyone who might have had the opportunity to see his tattoos.
MONIQUE
Oh, I saw his tattoos all right. And his pee pee, if you know where I’m coming from? His bathing suit area. But without a bathing suit.

Monique raises her eyebrows up and down. Then winks.

TRIBECA
You’re lying.

MONIQUE
No I’m not!

TRIBECA
You never had an affair with the Mayor.

MONIQUE
Yes I did. It was sordid and raunchy.

TRIBECA
Describe the tattoo he has on his left shoulder.

She struggles to answer.

MONIQUE
Uh, uh, what are they called? A shamrock, no a heart, a heart with some words on it...

TRIBECA
Wrong. A picture of a sheep with the words ‘That’s What Sheep Said.’

MONIQUE
Fine. Fine. He’s not my lover.

TRIBECA
I think we’re done here.

Tribeca gets up to leave,

MONIQUE
But we did make out once in high school.

Tribeca moves toward the door,

TRIBECA
Thank you for your time Ms. Vivarquar.
MONIQUE
(Calling after her-)
HE WENT TO SECOND BASE WITH ME.
(then dramatically weeping)
He went to second base... with me...

CUT TO:

24 INT. TRIBECA’S FORD ESCAPE - SHORT TIME LATER 24

GEILS
I don’t get it. Why would she lie about having an affair with the Mayor?

TRIBECA
Simple really. The Mayor is a man with something to hide, right?

GEILS
Right. His weird tattoos.

TRIBECA
Right. But he needs something else, something to throw people off.

GEILS
A second secret.

TRIBECA
Exactly. He asks a high school girlfriend to pose as his mistress...

GEILS
To create a diversion...

TRIBECA
A smokescreen...

GEILS
Which keeps the real secret...

TRIBECA
Under wraps.

They are nose to nose. For a moment it looks like they are going to kiss. Then they don’t. Then they look like they will again. Then it doesn’t happen.
They turn away from each other, and then turn back, looking like they each have something to say. Their lips are millimeters apart, breathing heavily, they once again don’t kiss.

TRIBECA (CONT’D)
We should get going.

The windows are completely fogged up. Tribeca puts the car in gear and begins to pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRIBECA’S FORD ESCAPE – CONTINUOUS

The car moves forward and smashes into a line of plastic trash cans. The car then hits a pile of large beach balls. The car continues to plow through a stack of pillows.

CUT TO:

INT. FORENSIC LAB – LATER

Dr. Scholls looks at the ransom note under a microscope.

DR. SCHOLLS
Interesting...

TRIBECA
What?

DR. SCHOLLS
The ransom note... When I place it under the microscope...

She places the note under the microscope.

P.O.V OF THE NOTE THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE

DR. SCHOLLS (CONT’D)
The print looks much larger. And when I take it away, it is immediately small again.

In the distance. The Old Lady from the park is being loaded into a cadaver locker.
OLD LADY
(From inside locker, to no one)
Good night Margaret.

A dour faced bald headed man, DR. EDELWEISS, enters the lab in an elaborate motorized wheelchair. He controls the chair with a sophisticated joystick. He wears slightly tinted glasses, and his brow is deeply furrowed.

DR. SCHOLLS
Dr. Edelweiss.

EDELWEISS
Scholls. Tribeca. And...

GEILS
Jay Geils. I’m new.

Geils extends his hand. There is an awkward moment.

EDELWEISS
(Motionless)
As you can see, I clearly cannot shake your hand.

GEILS
Oh. Oh, I’m so sorry.

EDELWEISS
Don’t be. You didn’t do it.
(Pause)
Did you?

Edelweiss eyes Geils suspiciously.

DR. SCHOLLS
This is the ransom note I was talking about.

EDELWEISS
Prints?

DR. SCHOLLS
No, it’s clean.

EDELWEISS
Let’s take a closer look.

He motions to Scholls, who puts the note in a large glass box. About the size of a movie theater popcorn machine.

Once closed, a UV light illuminates the inside of the box.
Edelweiss maneuvers his chair over to the box. He casually stands up, and reaches down to another joystick on the side of the box. He uses the joystick to operate a mechanical claw.

EDELWEISS (CONT’D)
What do we have here...?

Much like a game at an arcade, he tries to pick up the note with the claw. The crane with the claw keeps missing. This continues for some time as the others look on. He grabs the note, but it slips from his grasp at the last minute. At one point, the claw grabs a here-to-for unseen stuffed penguin. The penguin is then dropped down a shoot. He is also able to grab a cheap toy helicopter, and a small stuffed snake. After several minutes he finally picks up the note.

EDELWEISS (CONT’D)
Magnify.

He looks to a video monitor of the note in the box. Nothing happens.

EDELWEISS (CONT’D)
Enlarge.

Still, nothing happens.

EDELWEISS (CONT’D)
Make look big.

Immediately, the image of the ransom note comes into extreme close up.

EDELWEISS (CONT’D)
Interesting.

TRIBECA
What is it?

EDELWEISS
The letters.

GEILS
What letters?

EDELWEISS
The letters that make up these words. You can’t tell a story without words.
GEILS
You can if it’s a picture book, or
an interpretive dance. A painting
sometimes tells a story...

Tribeca shoots Geils a look.

EDELWEISS
The harsh, haphazard way with which
the “T” is crossed tells me that
this is someone who is desperate.
Someone who has limited options.

DR. SCHOLL
He’s right...

EDELWEISS
The round “B”s, and “D”s signify a
person who is experiencing
financial hardship.

GEILS
Wow...

EDELWEISS
And the close space between the
letters tells me that this is
someone that has a lack of respect
for authority.

TRIBECA
So this is some sort of desperate
individual, a person who needs
money, and is willing to blackmail
the Mayor in order to get it?

Edelweiss nods wisely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORENSIC LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Tribeca and Geils approach Tribeca’s Ford Focus. Tribeca
carries the stuffed penguin. Geils carries the stuffed snake
and the toy helicopter.

GEILS
That was incredible.

TRIBECA
That’s why he’s the best.
GEILS
Where to?

TRIBECA
I need to clear my head.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE GYM BOXING RING - LATER

Tribeca and Geils spar as they add up the clues.

TRIBECA
It’s not the wife.

She smashes Geils with a right hook

GEILS
How do you know?

TRIBECA
Nothing to gain. She is set.

In the background, Officer David Hoffman holds a heavy bag for DJ Tanner.

GEILS
What about the mistress?

Tribeca roundhouse kicks Geils in the head.

TRIBECA
No way. She’s not even his mistress.

GEILS
(Incoherent)
Bardy Boop Boo.

CUT TO:

INT. CO-ED POLICE LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Gratuitous shots of perfect bodied police officer in towels. Tribeca buttons her shirt.

Officer DJ Tanner walks past in a towel.
TRIBECA
I feel like we are missing something. This just doesn’t add up.

Geils appears behind Tribeca. His entire face is swollen. He does not look unlike the elephant man.

GEILS
(Indecipherable)
Shld uh gu tru da kowa?

TRIBECA
You just might be on to something Geils. It’s worth a shot.

Office David Hoffman walks past in a towel.

CUT TO:

30
EXT. COLLEGE - LATER

Sign reads: ‘VERDUGO VALLEY COLLEGE - ESTABLISHED 1921’

The bottom of sign reads: ‘TUITION’ with a running total dot matrix display. Within three seconds, the figure goes from 48 to 50 thousand dollars.

CUT TO:

31
INT. COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - SAME

PROFESSOR EVERETT LAMEREAU presides over a figure drawing class. The shoulders of a nude model can be seen in the foreground.

LAMEREAU
Recognize the arch of the back. The framework of the body.

TEACHING ASSISTANT
Professor Lamereau, two detectives are here to see you.

Tribeca and Geils approach Lamereau. Geils face is no longer swollen. He has a small band aid on his forehead.

TRIBECA
Professor Lamereau?

LAMEREAU
How may I help you detectives?
TRIBECA
We’re investigating-

LAMEREAU
I keep telling you people it was a scuba gear malfunction. I loved her.

TRIBECA
An extortion plot...

LAMEREAU
Oh, yes, of course. Let’s go to my office.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE - LAMEREAU’S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

LAMEREAU
I understand why you might think that I had something to do with all this, but rest assured that our figure models are treated with the utmost dignity and discretion. The human body is a miraculous canvas, Detective. It’s a shame that you don’t put your natural attributes to better use, for the sake of art.

TRIBECA
I don’t prance around nude for money. Not anymore.

LAMEREAU
Pity. Such a waste.

GEILS
Watch it bucko!

LAMEREAU
Now if you’ll excuse me, I have to get back to my class.

TRIBECA
Don’t plan on making any out-of-state trips in the near future.

LAMEREAU
I need to go to Phoenix for a wedding on the fourteenth.
TRIBECA
Not happening.

LAMEREAU
And then on the twenty-fourth it’s my grandmother’s birthday.

TRIBECA
No way.

LAMEREAU
...I’ve got tickets to the Harlem Globetrotters in October.

GEILS
(Quietly to Tribeca) Those tickets are tough to get.

TRIBECA
(Carefully considers) Alright Lamereau, but don’t you go and do anything stupid.

ANGLE ON: LAMEREAU STICKING A FORK INTO A PLUGGED-IN TOASTER.

LAMEREAU
I wouldn’t think of it.

TRIBECA
We’ll be in touch

CUT TO:

33 EXT. COLLEGE - ART BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

TRIBECA
He’s hiding something.

GEILS
Absolutely.

TRIBECA
We’ve got to get closer to him.

A PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN walks up.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN
Excuse me, do you know where the art school is? I’m late for figure drawing class. I’m a nude model.

Tribeca looks at Geils.
TRIBECA
I think I just got an idea.

Pause.

PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN
What is it?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - LATER

Lamereau and the students prepare for class.

Tribeca enters wearing a blond wig, and the Pretty Young Woman’s black trench coat.

Lamereau doesn’t recognize Tribeca.

LAMEREAU
You’re late.

Tribeca walks to the model’s platform, takes a deep breath and pulls off her trench coat.

CUT TO:

INT. TRIBECA’S FORD ECONOLINE VAN - CONTINUOUS

Geils sits in the back of the van wearing headphones and speaking into a microphone.

GEILS
Tribeca, can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRIBECA
(Whispering)
I’m in position.

Her position is a twisted, modern dance-like pose.

CUT TO:
GEILS
Good. Hey, where did you put your wire anyway?

TRIBECA
That’s not important. Let’s just say that we are going to have to throw it away when we’re done.

CUT TO:

GEILS
Just keep an eye out for anything suspicious.

CUT TO:

Lamereau walks around the class.

LAMEREAU
Nice...

He walks by another student.

LAMEREAU (CONT’D)
Yes...

He looks at another student’s sketch.

LAMEREAU (CONT’D)
Good. GOOD!

ANGLE ON: THE STUDENT’S SKETCH PAD

The student has drawn the words ‘Good’ and ‘GOOD!’ with an exclamation point.

LAMEREAU (CONT’D)
Remember that the human body is a temple, a form to be honored and celebrated.

He approaches Tribeca.
LAMEREAU (CONT’D)
Look upon today’s Venus. She is glorious. She is as she was created. Her skin smooth and unadorned. She is not pierced, or altered or tattooed.

CUT TO:

40  INT. TRIBECA’S FORD ECONOLINE VAN - CONTINUOUS

GEILS
Hold on, what did he say?

CUT TO:

41  INT. COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

LAMEREAU
Disgusting, dirty tattoos. Ink, electronically imbedded into the skin. So gross. I just hate them so much. Tattoos that is. I would do almost anything to shame those with tattoos. I would go to great lengths to embarrass those with tattoos. Especially mildly offensive tattoos, or bad joke tattoos. You know, like something printed on a mug at Spencer Gifts. Kind of funny in the store, but later on, something that your friends think is really lame.

CUT TO:

42  INT. TRIBECA’S FORD ECONOLINE VAN - CONTINUOUS

GEILS
Tribeca, we got him. Go in for the kill.

CUT TO:

43  INT. COLLEGE - ART CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRIBECA
Tell me Professor, would you ever blackmail someone with a tattoo?
If they were in a position of power, and if I could stand to make a cool four thousand dollars, you bet.

Tribeca pulls off her wig.

Well, it looks like the Harlem Globetrotters are going to have to find someone else to throw confetti on instead of water.

(Not understanding) What?

Your blackmailing days are done.

You’ll never take me alive.

Lamereau grabs Tribeca’s trench coat and runs out.

He’s moving your way.

Got it.

Geils exits the back of the van.

Tribeca grabs a student’s sketch pad, and begins tearing off pages. She quickly begins to fashion something out of the paper.
Lamereau bolts out the front doors of the art building. He throws Tribeca’s trench coat. Geils heads off in pursuit.

Tribeca emerges from the building wearing an suit made entirely of paper. It is cumbersome, and very difficult to move in quickly.

Geils pursues Lamereau on foot. Lamereau is not very fast, but Geils employs parkour techniques, which result in a much slower pursuit.

When Lamereau runs between two parked cars, Geils runs up the hood, rolls down the trunk and does a flip off the back end.

Geils climbs walls, runs across handrails, swings from drain pipes. It is very exciting. But very inefficient.

Tribeca, on a different pursuit route, zeros in on Lamereau. Finally, they catch up to and take down Lamereau.

TRIBECA
You are under arrest on suspicion of extortion.

LAMEREAU
His aesthetic was offensive to me. I wanted to embarrass him.

GEILS
Oh yeah, then why didn’t you just post the photos on Instagram or Facebook like any decent human being?

LAMEREAU
I was going to do that, after I got the money.

GEILS
Well, where you’re going, you won’t have to worry about that anymore.

TRIBECA
Your own little slice of hell called “minimum security prison”. (MORE)
TRIBECA (CONT'D)
You’re gonna spend the next seven months making ponchos and playing mahjong.

GEILS
...If there’s any justice in the world.

LAMEREAU
You know what Tribeca? You’re nothing but a... dumb jerk.

TRIBECA
Sticks and stones...

GEILS
And puppy dog tails...

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LATER

Tribeca and Geils fill out paperwork.

TRIBECA
Interesting first day.

GEILS
Yeah.

TRIBECA
I’m sorry I was so hard on you earlier. I haven’t had much luck with partners.

GEILS
I get it.

Pause.

GEILS (CONT’D)
Listen, if you’re not doing anything later, I thought that maybe we could grab a beer. I mean, you do drink beer don’t you?

Geils laughs.

Tribeca responds as though this were much funnier and more charming.
TRIBECA
(Smiling)
Yeah. OK. I guess so.

GEILS
So does that mean that we’re partners?

TRIBECA
(Reluctantly)
Yeah, sure, partners.

DJ Tanner walks up to Tribeca.

TANNER
Hey Tribeca, Lieutenant wants to see you.

Tribeca and Geils get up from their desk and walk together.

GEILS
You OK with this partner thing?

TRIBECA
Yeah. Yeah, I actually have a pretty good feeling about this...

GEILS
Cool. Me too. See you later.

They exchange a warm, flirty smile.

He turns toward the elevator. Tribeca turns toward the Lieutenants’s office.

As she walks away, Geils steps into the elevator shaft and falls to his death.

Tribeca enters the Lieutenant’s office.

TRIBECA
You wanted to see me, Lieutenant?

ATKINS
Someone is here to thank you.

The Mayor is sitting in the corner.

MAYOR PERRY
Tribeca, I don’t know what to say. You saved my career and my reputation. Kept the city from getting a big black eye on this one.
TRIBECA
It’s what I do, Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR PERRY
Thanks Angie, I owe you one.

TRIBECA
Just no more scandals! OK!

MAYOR PERRY
(Chuckling)
You got it sister!

As the Mayor turns to go, the left side of his face reveals a new tattoo that says: ‘If you can read this, you’re not Stevie Wonder’ or ‘A penny for your thoughts, ten dollars for your panties’ or ‘Smile if you’re not wearing underwear’.

Tribeca and Atkins exchange a look.

CUT TO:

Full screen Chyron ‘TRIBECA’, accompanied by the sound of a blaring siren, followed by a jail cell door closing.

THE END

EPILOGUE

EXT - CEMETERY - DAY

Angie kneels in front of a gravestone.

TRIBECA
Hello, Mother... Are you surprised to see me? I think maybe you are. You’re probably thinking I’ve finally forgiven you. Well, I haven’t. I’m not there yet. I don’t know if I’ll ever be in that place. I was a child. You should have protected me.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: TRIBECA’S MOTHER, VERY MUCH ALIVE, STANDING NEXT TO HER.

MOM
It was the eighties. Everyone wore shoulder pads. Honey, your Dad’s going to be late for golf.
TRIBECA’S FATHER WAVES FROM A CAR PARKED NEARBY.

DAD
Let’s get a move on sweetie pie.

Tribeca and her Mom move toward the car.

MOM
Why do we always have to meet you at the cemetery. It’s so morbid.

END EPILOGUE